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Doetrn.

Woman's Rights.

- The hed of exchange and of pair, And when the heart almost despoirs,
- To wheeper horses of health again t
- Har right to make the hearth store glad.
- And whose man is with care oppriorally
- resembly registered for word,
- other may Somete Uhmoters pro
- It is her right to be after \$1
- When with true degnity and grace,
- Wall, though the world may all farrake.
- Authore is not a higher right.
- "The here to spends the infant mond

My Children.

Workward of dispersion from And the sweeper is sell time. You hand and variety hope

Is my building water-life

Want show in to the diverse Are there explicant to my pathway They like my board with gladiers

They chare green nor authors

Through many index bloomings ben intellidates until Albert further Mar. life second networked with free

And they the beginned jumps

Then there are on my divings

God grount for men hits we had

Miscellancous.

BE PATIENT.

BY MARY INVINC.

CHAPTER L

"Any letter to-day?"

pierces where a heavier weapon would reaound, dividing the cuirass of the soul. It of his corefully guarded daughter. ris,' Edmand went on to say. 'Can you is the first word that falls like a hail-stone Anne was sitting, one dreamy July after-secure a letter, safely !' is the first word that falls like a half-stone we learn to calm the surface-swellings of the is the lesson of a life time to understand on stormy waters. that word-to read the vero of omnipotent

it is hurled from the mouth of authority, like a hot shot from a cold exnnon's mouth But is it not most harsh, most frigid, when other, it drops from the lips of indifference, falling upon the grave of a heart's hope !

How often is the whole of a heart's hope bound up in the little query with which we force of the cold, short, business-like "No!" that falls from the lips of the unsympathiz-

I have seen a strong man turn away from the post office counter with a thunderbolt in his brow that seemed ready to blight the fair face of nature in its bursting. I have seen a school-boy in a strange land swallow the sob he was ashamed to own, while his less meek play-fellow turned on his heel with a muttered oath. I have seen a moth-

heard more than this, and I will tell it to no trace of tears on hers.

try, rather picturesque than grand. Though then dropping the fringes over them again. sprinkled with rocks and seamed with granto be beautiful, at least in the eyes of a New from her face. Englander. As I rode through one of its an alien, far from neighbors, on a slight with a blush burning on each cheek. "rise" at our left. It was an old country 'No!' she repeated; 'go! go back to house, built, probably, before the Revolu- your country-to your dear France! put tion-such as is a rare sight among those the ocean between us! but first teach me hills, which were settled by men too poor to forget!" and too busy to aspire to more than a simple remove from the primitive "wigwam" could sooner forget myself! Can I not take of their aboriginal predecessors. The old remembrance and love with me across the liouse was nearly buried in a little wilder- Atlantic? What more would you give ness of its own; and as we rode leisurely me?" past it, its front frowned out darkly from She half turned away her head, strug-

so often, now-a-days, in country villages, of the dizzy sweep hers could take. was rich, and as stern as he was proud - rather than 'better,' or -Few, perhaps, had a firmer foundation to: "Enough?" she exclaimed. "I am a genrest the prode of birth upon, of the dwellers eral's grand child! do not make his blood outh of tidelity. And thus-they parted. In proud, lotter smale, and, dropping her wet. They had sought everywhere else; and what shall we say of the man who "takes among his native hills. But his pride was boil in my veins for shame that I have fora haughtiness that made him feared and gotten it. Go! gain a name and a fortune! despised. His name become a synonyme Edimund? here the strange low tone came hateful than "treason" to the sturdy demay her forehead, she said, vehementlycrats then so lately emuncipated from the . Do you know what it is to be forgotten, rule of Bruish provincials.

in his own image "of pride. They mingled he? he answered in a tone, half tender, half with the "common horde," indeed, and severe. But they were stately, ceremonious and te- to die! ing sympathy...

cess. She was beaudful-darkly, haughtre than one pair of eyes and hips forgot the flesh, strictness of puritanical decurum, and other "It is not a little thing, Edmand, that

by some child or chance stroller, under the ing? Leave me!" elm arches or pine spices of the forest, wan- In a few minutes, Anne, and for long the intruder, her beautiful smile so proud we part before strangers!" family carriage, but oftener alone, sweeping Anne's sobs grew quiet at last, and she the air with her nodding black plante, and raised her tear-flooded face, subdued and glowing in the brightness of health and ex- trustful.

Aune K carried a volcaso under her glance to her disarranged toilette. frozen veil of ceremony. Its pent up fires breast to passionate heaving, while her hand of his repeater. cheeks were pale as a slumberer's, and Anne gathered all the old pride back in-

the small light arrow of olden warfare, it suspected of such presumption, when he opened her forgotten book, pierces where a heavier weapon would re-

on the babe's spirit, fresh from the bowers noon, upon the high-backed, stiffly carved 'Oh, yes,' Anne answered eagerly; but of innocence, curling its hp, and convuls- sofa, in the large purior. The open window the blood mounted to her forehead at the ing its tremulous, tiny hand, sheeked in the by her side was curtained only by the lilacs, implied confession of maneouvring. eager grasping at manima's collar or watch. whose delicate blossoms nodded through, 'Then, Anne,' he began, warmly, but It is the spell that wakes all the willulness almost touching the girl's cheek, and she raised her hand, with a quick terrorof the older child, arriving at the age of un-reasonableness, when thwarted in his darl-ing plan of an afternoon's "gonning."—

And farther still on the way of life, where

The age of un-treasonableness, when thwarted in his darl-ing plan of an afternoon's "gonning."—

The long beavy lashes drooped towards the
"There, there! hush!"

The rustling of a silk dress in the adja-lout it might as well have been any other

love in the most haughty or careless prohis- foreigner-such the musiache, the language by courtesy through her swinging-hoop, in bition or denial, of a fellow mortal-to " be and the "air" marked him-speaking low, acknowledgement of the extremely ceremopatient," wait and trust; for the watch-word of heaven will not be "No!" earnest words in his native tongue, that our inclination of the young foreigner's could by no possibility have been linked to head. She looked gaunt and grim, like a the honey-dew of tenderness, it drops te- the "sage Mentor." It was evident that frame-the more so that her hair was drawn luctantly from loving hips, -harsher when the two had conjugated the verb aimer to- tightly back to the summit of her head, over

The young foreigner was bending to bare throat. speak, as we said. His cool, clear eye, "Good afternoon, sir," she said in a patscanned the girl's face piercingly, while he ronizing tone. 'I understand from my sisdid so, --admiringly too, but not anxiously, ter that you intend leaving town to-morrow, commenced! If such a heart can resist the it seemed. Indeed, there played a half-easy sir.' smile of confidence and self-gratulation abont his lips, as though some great concesing post-boy, it may hid defiance to all the sion had just been won, with surety for her eye-brows a little. remaining miseries of this world ! Pandora more to follow. He too was proud, ambitions, though poor; you could read it in the Mademoiselle; that wishes to say-certainbend of his brow and the sweep of his hand; but his oride was cool, calculating, cirching It was a polite whim of Edmund D.'s to but his pride was cool, calculating, circling about its aim gradually; never bounding affect as slight knowledge as possible of the

most soothingly, upon hers, as he went on. his birth-place and consequent qualification But she drew her own away with a hall for his post of teacher. He was of Saxon er come forth with a haggard face, written startled air, and lifting her eyes for the first parentage, and though born and educated all over by anxiety and suspense, that she time, gave a hurried, fearful glance around near Paris, he had inherited a caste of charwas too much abstracted to hide from the the room and through the casement. As acter decidedly un-French. The ice of gaze of the stragglers "loafing" about the toron benches. I have seen a home-sick litted from one, and fell upon his wrist.—
the girl—and a larger one, too—burst into tears of uncontrollable disappointment, and sob, and turned to the window a moment.

'And are you going?' she said low, and Below the mountain ranges of Vermont steadily lifting her eyes, as though she and New Hampshire lies a tract of hill coun- would let him read her soul for a moment, 'Would you have me stay!' he inquired ite ledges, it is green and flourishing enough calmly, never taking those searching eyes

'No! and-yes!' The first word was grass grown gorges, upon a summer's even- spoken firmly, the last in a tone fluttering ing, a friend pointed out to me a huge, into silence. In an instant, as though she square, antique looking house, with six ga- despised herself for having said or thought bles, (if I rightly remember,) which sat like it, she drew herself more proudly than ever,

'Forget!' the young man echoed.

the shadows of cypress-like pines and bloom- gling with the strength of her pride against ing lilacs, that were buddled in strange con- the passionate beating of her heart. There fusion around it. As a relic of the "middle seemed a sort of triumph hidden in her ages" of our States, it had its interest to companion's eye, as he watched the conflict me; but that interest was trebled by a sto- he had awakened. It was for this very ry I had learned about its dwellers, in child- pride, this very queenliness, that he had marked her his 'bright particular star' in Major K .-- , the owner once of all the the firmament of life. And in the conquest goodly fields that roll and stretch away of that ruling passion his cooler nature from this mansion into a distant perspec- glowed, even on the threshold of a long septive, was the son of a General not slightly aration. He triumphed in reading her soul, distinguished in American history. His but it was a hidden book to him, after all, own title had probably been something more, he could not interpret beyond the limits his honorable, than the military prefix fistened, own heart had reached, and he dreamed not

upon the names of peaceable republicans. 'Shall I offer you the hand as well as the His laurels could hardly have been bloods heart of a penulies adventurer, as your adless ones. He was a rich man, proud as he mirable father would style me, for 'worse'

"aristocracy," a word scarcely less back. Suddenly sweeping the braids from

Edmund He had several sons and daughters "born "Do you know what it is to doubt, Au-

condescended to the brisk business of life. 'To be forgotten!' she repeated. 'It is

served, bending their heads in the common "Oh hish, love! Why, one would think breeze, like till pines in a forest of under- that we were making our eternal adien -growth, never reaching the level of those Have you one atom of belief in the commuabout them-seldom giving and never ask- mon of kindred souls-one atom of trust to me. Anne? 'Tis a little thing that so many One, at least, were her pride like a print paltry miles will be between us, when'-

! It is not a little thing!' she exclaimed ly beautiful. When she came into the old rising before him, and clasping her white family pew, of a Sonday morning, more bombs until the nails crushed the quivering

ers beside the admiring children whispered you have made all existence a black to me, behind their fans, "what a beauty!" To but yourself! that you have brought me to good could come out of a child " brought carrying it o'er ocean and continent! No, up with such high notions;" but they could no! she continued, "take your eye off wood. She was seldom seen elsewhere, unless say, while I scorn my very self for the say-

dering all alone by herself, and similing on years, perhaps," he replied seriously. "Shall

as to repel all companionship. Then too, One moment's struggle, and the barrier upon almost every sunny day, she might be of prole was over-swept by the wild heartmet, many miles away, upon some of the waves. She leaned her head on his shoulstony toads winding among the fields and ders, sobbing like a terrified, trusting child! orchams, mounted on a spirited bay peny. The words whispered in those moments -someomes following in the wake of the were only for the souls that drank them in.

Edmund's ever-watchful eve gave one

"My dear, your ruff will be telling a tale flashed at rare intervals, far down in her that the winds should not whisper! he mordeep eyes; but oftener they rocked her mured with a simle, pointing to the warning

her lips unmoved from their cold, calm to her eye in a twinkling, raised her untrembling hands to her head, and smoothed One had looked into the depths of that her rullled plumage; then, swan-like, she wee word will have to answer for! Like voiceno-one whom her stern father little settled upon the embroidered sofa, and re-

book. Her stately head did not droop, how- zephyr over the autumn corn, struck on her ever, with its currenct of dark brands and listening car like the death knell of dreams. puffs, nor did a muscle of her face disobey. The ever self-possessed teacher raised his meteor, to dry up the sweet fountains of love and life, or turn it all into bitterness! It rull below heavest and trembled like a leaf a French word with perfect 'sang froid,' as the door opened to a dowager-looking el-Before her sat, or rather leaned, a young der sister. She swept in, dropping a statethe lesson of that day-a grave lecture of generation-old picture escaped from its gether long enough to forget that another the organ of 'self-esteem,' as phrenologists existed in the French vocabulary, or in any fix it, and that a chain of massive gold beads -an heir-loom of ages gone by-girt her

'Oui, Mademoiselle, sans doute.' 'What, sir !' inquired the lady, lifting

' Mille-that is, one thousand pardons

upon the wave of impulse, to success or to English language when conversing with his espair.

He laid his hand lightly, it seemed alittle besides his accent and idiom to mark

Welchman & State Journal. | all at the same curt, cruel "No!" I have | She looked in his and face again, there was | ty of the true Frenchman at pleasure; but | shot a pang of pity through his heart, and | of mist rolled and swayed hither and thith- | blended now and then with the wail of the in his earnest movements he was always the answered with involuntarily assumed indifcool, cautious and impulsive German.

K., contemptuously.

have had enough of it." Mais : but Mademoiselle, I pray your larger and wilder at each denial; and he pardons; la langue Française-the tongue did not like to say it again. His wife saw moiselle, your sister, I have pleasure and gainst her heart, pride to say, that she speaks it already like

what compromised in paying this compli- ting out this weather, 'specially for such a sleep,' her mother had taught her. Alas! ment, for, as before hinted, Anne's progress weakly body. I wonder yer folks didn't that a mother's words should ever come bein one French verb had been much more send. Come in, do.' rapid and thorough than in any of the other 'No,' she replied, clearly, and, without mysteries of the language.

your father, because la voiture-the public would smile abstractedly, but graciously, claimed Mrs. K. carriage-shall depart at eleven."

shade in 'Desdemona's hair.' There your she had refused the foot-stool, and spurned It will run less risk of being neglected now, chagem; but she had suffered the post-man

lowed her sister to the door. Just before assisted. reaching it, she turned for one look and one . 'Take care, Miss!' vociferated the old word spoken more to the eye than the ear, man from the door-way, where his few gray its strength away, and crouched, moaning double injury, annoying his neighbor and distinct only to him whom she was leaving, locks were whistling in the blast; for the in the depths of the wood, or sighed under

hps; and lifted his eyes to Heaven in mute acquaintance of his mistress. She smiled was still,

There is a pleasant manufacturing village hated by the simple towns-people whom he Be happy-be great! But if you forget, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A minimum tiver, the merry S ...; rumbles musically among the rocks, that seem to have been flung into its channel by some 'old man of the moun- gal's crazy,' tains,' till it finally cleaves the ledge, and tleberry bushes. At this day you would be spouse, hobbling back to his three-legged sisters, received the burden. I have stood farmer, and prosperous in his vocation, on dazzled by the glare of high red walls above stood of office, dazzied by the glare of high red waits above them; for the manufacturing interest has planted its foot firmly there, and water wheels of a utilitarian age whoz and whirt the bill, face to looked down on the couch where the desplanted its foot firmly there, and water wilder storm within her surging breast!—

Anne gallepped down the bill, face to looked down on the couch where the desplanting girl sought her rest. It was a hard pairing girl sought her rest. It ment—a village, if a tavern, store and post- her horse, and, clasping her cold hands, office might be allowed their sections of the pressed them against her seared eye-balls, rogative of constituting a village. But the as though to bar out some terrible sight. few houses beside were scattered so midely be sure, the elders of the congregation live only in your presence! that you have about, and the place was so innocent of all ently. shook their grave heads, and said that no bound up my life in your heart, and are parade or enterprise, that it scarcely seemed. But oblivious never yet chine at the cry

valley gorges, drove battalions of waters 'The store' of the country for miles as Ou ! d spectres bither and thither at their will.— round, with its much be-chalked sign of head!" Damp, chill, and cheerless, the night was 'fish, flannel, flour, dry goods, groceries, A ruder blast than usual dushed the honey- just on the rocky banks, fronting the cres-

behind his right ear to muse.

If there she wou't come to-day,' he be-back, and dropped the bridle to the ground,

plied his wife; 'it's some trouble that's such a night!" wearing upon her heart like, ye may be sure, 'I came,' answered Ann, confosedly, and

starting from his high stool-' I'll meet her There, there, go don't wait to catch your at the door, poor thing, that she needn't death cold! As if I could not bring that

the door, it was thrown open, and a burst words are falling, when they drop bitterly of cold storm-drops ushered in Anne K .- from our lips! Ah, there are words that Was it she, with cheeks so pale and sunken cannot be healed in time-nor yet in eterfrom their summer beauty, with those large, nity! unnatural lustrous eyes, each of which, in Would be not speak one kind, brotherly

question that had cost her so much agony had taken the homeward road. The long filaments of her soaked plume Home the faithful pony went, after waitswung forward as she bent her head, brush- ing his time for his rider; but Ann did not ing her colorless forehead and cheek. She go with him. She only shrunk back into nerved herself tremulously to the effort - the shade, until all was still again. Then her head told her that it was a last effort! she glided, like a guilty thing, noiselessly

'What senseless jargon!' exclaimed Miss 'No!'
,, contemptuously. 'Anne, I hope you He had said it more than fifty times, with those great eyes looking into his, growing

French-is supposed to be the most polite, a quick spasm convulse the girl's lips and the most belle, in le beau monde. Made- eye, as she suddenly pressed her hand a-'Are ye ill, Miss K- !' she exclaim- the elemental raging without. That soul well." ud, rising. 'Sit ye down, do. Let me sent up its agomized cry for forgetfulness, I fear the teacher's conscience was some- bring you some at warming. It's sorry get- for rest, for peace! Death is an eternal

another word, turned to go.

lady,' returned the stately sister carelessly, summer days, the lame post-master had "May I inquire at what hour you will wait been accustomed to limp to the door step, on us in the morning?"

and take the rein of her policy, while the 'I will have the pleasure to make my old lady came out with a 'cricket,' as she adieux at the hour ten, if it please Monsieur, called it, to assist her in mounting. Anne sometimes stopping to exchange a few Very well, sir; bring your bill; your words with the kind man, or, suffering the Type or of tansy, over the ears of her pony, Oh, my child! where is she! with me, I want a thread of yellow-brown whom she characterized as 'the darlingest from your embroidery box, for the darkest grown-up colt that ever ye see ? Latterly. frame has stood six days without a strich .- the offered head-gear, much to the dame's I hope, that this outlandish business is lair- still to act the part of groom. To-night, Aune arose mechanically, and slowly fels own hands, and sprang into the saddle un-

> plane over her forehead again, she drow up at last, with strange, fearfully whispered the bridle-trins quickly, and dashed on misgivings, they searched among the rocks and reads, but never purs in practice" what down the hill.

"I declare! selfloquized the postmaster,

"Man abye!" shooted his wife, above the her from that night's long sleep ! bounding over a crescent precipice of solid foating of the gusts, 'ye're catching yer granne, almost loses uself among the bonds death o' thenmatiz out there, let alone the carried-to the home on which her eyes weeds." If we are mistaken in this, and

wheels of a utilitarian age whoz and whirt is wilder storm within her surging breast!— in the very arms of the beautiful crescent. The black clouds sank over her like a pall, cascade. But forty years ago, before Art and the mist-goblins shricked and rayed a-had discovered the spot, Nurare was there bout her, shuting her in from human sight. Once she dropped the reins to the neck of Obityton or death II she grouned rehem-

Indian summer lad whispered to the few, of the Creator. Not content to give the his good, garralous wife could gain no more tially, neither will the propositions exist from him.

They will be non-waking beneath a brighter sky, and fled to heart, she had poured on the alter of her.

'I think's likely,' she said, after the entities; and it will only dream of unhis prairie-nook in the sheltered 'West,' idol that 'sacred oil' of worship and adora-It was the dismal afternoon of a stormy tion that is not with impunity withheld from day; cloud-caps, heavy with mist, hung Heaven. She had concentrated the universe in natur for a sensible body to ride so like gloomily on every hill-top, and the shifting into one point—and where was her universe winds, moaning and whooping through the now? Where was her idol-shrine?

coming on, hard on the steps of noon-day, and a dezen other indispensabilities, stood suckle vine against the small, square win- cent fall, whose foam-wreaths now dashed dow of the dingy little post office on the against its back wall. It was kept by an hill-side, and startled the ball-headed post- elder brother of Anne. The bay pony, by register. He looked up, peered out and a- the plank platform. Anne looked about her bout, and then thrust his stump of a quill in momentary bewilderment; then sudden-

gan, haif to himself, half to his help-meet. The little building shook with the strife who sat in the lightest corner of the office, of clouds and river mists, that seemed tushturning a monotonous flax wheel with her ing to close combat beneath its foundations, I hope she won't come through all this was dusk within, unlighted for want of cusdriving storm for nothing. tomers. Annue's brother started forward dost my specs. What's that? Who? asked his wife, from his desk, in surprise, at the sound of a 'li's her name

all the same to her, it seems, rain or shine; I believe you are beside yourself! Drenchand I am afraid it'll be all the same for ma- ed and dripping-a sight to behold! and ny a day, more's the pity!' you were half dead before! What in the 'Heaven help the poor, young thing,' re- name of the four elements, sent you out on

Bless ye, she come driving through rather incoherently, 'I came ---- the chil-

the storm to-day, and she is so pale and alling! Ye needn't keep a looking.

'Hush, you! it's her own self,' whispered the old man, deprecatingly, as a hooffail struck on his ear; and in a moment a woman-caprices. Go home immediately bay pony, with its rider dashed down past and tell mother that I will carry you to the the fittle window, its drenched mane drip- Insane Retreat, to keep you out of your ping to the grass.

'Too bad,' the good man exclaimed, room, out of the reach of fire and water.

There there go'd don't wait to catch you

foolish gingerbread! Childish! there! go But before he could hobble half way to How little we know where our hursh

that moment, seemed in itself a whole world word to that auguished sister ! If he had of souls! Truly a strange spell had sha- looked into her haggard, despairing face, perhaps he would not have turned away so She stood one instant upon the sill, clen- abruptly as he did after this tirade, and hidching her gathered-up riding-dress more den himself again behind the high front of nervously in her gloveless hand, as if she his counting desk, assured by the patter of would ask, by look rather than by roice, the the pony's feet upon the pebbles, that he

er in the abyes, and where they parted for a whipporwill far beyond. Young fir trees,

was her guardian angel, to whisper, ' Wait, simple inscription : wait ! be patient ?" It was the hour of dark -- To the memory of ANNE K --- , AL 17." ness, and of herce fiends, who fantied the Oh! passionate heart, 'be patient' with storm in her soul, so family emblemed by the Providence that "worketh all things tween the young heart and Heaven!

An hour went by. Anne's brother buttoned his storm proof overcoat around him. Monseer is pleased to flatter the young. When she first used to come in the later locked his store, and leading his horse from a near stable, took his way homeward. He was met at the door by his sister and moth- much pleased to see an article in your er, who faced the storm-biast with counte- paper, offering a reward for the discov-

No! she is not here! Her pony came!

terrible day!" asked the alarmed brother. premium as it appears to me. I never knew it! Charles, go, be quick!

Charles K. seized a lantern and rushed P. S. Pray give us your ideas on the out. That night ever all the thunder of subject. however, she caught the wet rein in her the storm, arose the swell of human voices, the shouts of neighbors and friends, who. Our lady correspondent evidently despairs

pony, startled by the suddenness of the the wizard pines. The clouds drifted slows cheating the printer. Good farmers scorn Edmund raised his hand solemnly to his shock, himself sprang, and nearly cut the ly eastward, multhing up the sun, but all such conduct. They read their own paper

> of the swedlen river. Up from that foams he reads? Just this we say-he reads to canopied bed they lifted her, with the long, no valuable purpose-and we venture to gozing through the most after her, 'right loosened locks chinging about her pulseless guess, as every Yankee has a right to, that Cother way from home. I do believe the heart, and the inky plane weeping upon her shut eyes. But they could not awaken he is neighbor-in-law, at least, to an indo-

ders and mossy islets beneath. The banks bearing in of the rain on the floor I just were never to open. There, in the stately, subdued agony of proud affection crushed, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whore over the control of the rain on the floor I just were never to open. There, in the stately, subdued agony of proud affection crushed, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whore on a rock in the modst of that river, and receiving her address by mail we will forward

I looked up, and all was beautiful. The motto. Read what is good, and put the water nymphs chased each other down the good in practice. We recommend to his precipice, longling musically as their white robes melted into the blue billows at my feet. Above, the sun by cushioned on a drawing shoot, floating in the blue of a Select Exercise. We recommend to his attention—practical attention—the following paragraph on Select Exercise. June heaven. What contrasts has earth

upor the self-same spot! roused from the simplicity of its primitive of the desputing. Then she grew stonger shways flies, through the intile namelet. Con. living; to believe by other men's belief, as it seemed, for she threw back her tang- fusion and consternation seized every heart is no true living faith. The mind must, and household, and a thousand vague sur- by its own independent exertions seek most brilliantly on the New England halfs, laid hare her forehead to the pelting of the mises, half brightened into realities, thitted so far as its native powers will enable but, long ere departing, rends its role of storm. She laughed a low, shuddering from one to another. Only the old postmastit, to arrive at the modes and causes of richness assunder, and scatters its myrind laugh, as the key drops trickled upon her frequents to the northeastern winds. The fever-not eyes.

Anne had placed a mortal on the shrine to the decay it too surely boiled. Softly the of her Maker—the creature on the throne

group of gossippers had dispersed, 'she's derstanding them. been going crazy this long while. It am't wild-fire; and I've always thought mighty More Riches in the Bowers of the queer of her coming here so, day upon day! EARTH - We see by our exchange papers On! don't tell me she was'nt out of her that a chemist in the city of New York has

ly at the sound of a horse's howls. It was tal of pure sulphur, the owner of which only the post-boy, who had come over early would give no information about it, except with the mail bag. The good man sighed, that it was found on the banks of a navigaturned out his packet of letters and slowly unbound it. 'I shall not have to say 'No' ble stream in South America, and that hunmaster from puzzling over the last month's force of habit, slackened his pace before to her again to-day, poor thing!" thought dreds of tons like it could be got by a little

him, 'look there!'

added, scrutinizing it as closely as the haze tice, the science of feeding and digging over his old eyes would allow, 'It's had a the earth. He manures liberally and plows ong way to come, and-too late! too deep. late? he exclaimed solemnly, laying it

row of earth could sink into the cold heart dote of two Dutchmen. It was on this That travel-stained letter told its story on-to the onsympathizing hearts of the roud household, and not a lip ever opened "It seems they had a dispute con-

tacle of family reserve, and was lost to the after a time, one of them declined to world's curiosity. It was as well; what bear any portion of the expenses necesmattered it to any heart but her's, that it sary to the purchase of two or three could not warm into wild heating!

Her relatives rejected even the common party went to the neighboring lawyer.

It was a grand show-that funeral-so make Hans do justice mit te pridge. old ladies, who were young then, have told "How much will it cost to repair the me. Heavy, aristocratical carriages, from bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of distant towns and cities, draped in black, the determined litigant, wound along the narrow hill roads. The country about turned out its entire popula-tion, old and young. The coffin was borne slowly along, while young girls of her own age, dressed in white, with long shoulder-

showering it with tears of pity. She lies in a lovely spot on one of the you can take." hills she loved, away from the common went there at moonrise once. The green quarrel mit Hans." "Any letter for me to-day?"

The words were spoken with forced, hus-ky calmness. The post master turned his head to one side, avoiding the glance that

"As he went along home, he shook his with groves, save on one side, where a small crystal pond mirrored the twilight sky.—
Not a breeze displicant through the stirless air,

Wild warfare was beneath her! Billows

moment, the inky waters appeared, lashing larches and willows kept guard over the the trembling rocks with mad turbulence. costly monuments of the dead that had been honored in life. I turned from taller resence, to look upon the passion-blinded monument steeples, and mused long over girl, and to that she looked not up. Where the white but time-worn slab that bore this

The Plow.

" He that by the Place would thrive.

Mr. Walton, Sin :- I was very ery of a good farmer who neither takes 'Anne! where is Anne, Charles?' ex- a paper nor reads his own. I have not looked for such a character, but I can 'Anne! toolish girl! I sent her home an refer you to one, who both takes and reads, but never puts in practice ther first identical rule land down. The find-Why did you let the girl go out this ing such a man, far better deserves the

Your most obedient.

Mus. -

went forth featlessly to seek the lost one. of finding a good farmer who lives by bor-Morning came. The wind had sobbed rowing his newspaper, and thus commits a and usully pay for it in advance. But less man. "I went by the field of the They carried her-yet it was not her they slothful, and lo! it was all grown over with

Self energy is the true life of a man. The news of the suicide flew, as ill news. To think by other men's belief, is no

The postmaster turned his head nervous- recently received for examination a chrys-What's the matter, John? cried his And other riches, too, besides sulphur, may wrife, a minute after, as he dropped the bun- be got from the bowels of the earth "by a dle with a smothered cry, almost of horror. be got from the bowels of the earth "by a little digging." A successful farmer, who has taken our paper for the last twenty There " he pointed to a letter below years, and paid for it, a few days since in-Wat is it ! I don't see nothing; I've of his stock and produce the last year somethis her name! answered the old man, thing more than fifteen hundred dollars.but half comprehending.

'Who but Major K's Anne—she that has she was aware of his presence.

'Who but Major K's Anne—she that has come every living day to this counter, for two months, as reg'lar as the mail bag. It's he, catching her roughly by the arm; 'girl' taking up the letter tremulously.

'You don't say so, John!' cried his wife, lifting both hands above her head.

'It's ship-marked and journey-worn,' he like the science of feeding and dinging.

teverently by. The burden of destiny had Farmers come to Law. "Lawing" is been thrown wilfully off, and no joy or sor. pretty well shown up in the following anecof her who had burne it. Oh! if she had wise. They built and used in common a

reveal. It dropped into the great recep- cerning certain repairs which it required; party went to the neighboring lawyer kind offices of country neighbors, seeming and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, to scorn all communion of sorrow, and the "I'll give you all dish moneys, if you'll

" Well, den, not more ash five tollar,"

"Very well," said the lawyer, pockcarfs of black, held the pall on either side, the other, " take this and go and get the bridge repaired; it is the best course

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly throng, as in life, yet among her kindred. "y-a-a-s; dat ish more better ash to